

Drunk Confessions

by im ur misconception

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Summary: This takes place after the end of the Animated Series. And is a 'what if' situation. I mean through out the whole animated and manga series, you never once see Lydia drink more then a sip of wine or champagne here or there. So what if by accident she gets drunk, and speaks her mind. Lydia centric from Raven's pov, with a happy ending.

Drunk Confessions

Disclaimer: I do not own Earl and Fairy/Hakushaku to YÅ•sei , all rights belong to the creator, Mizue Tani. But I do claim the rights to this story and any ideas that come from my A.D.H.O.S mind. So please do not take or use any of them without my permission. (Though I wish I did own Raven and Ermine!)

Author's Note: To those who have watched the anime or read the manga, I hope that I don't botch the character's personalities too much. This is just my personal take on a what if, the what if being, what would happen if Lydia actually got drunk. Never once do we actually see Lydia take more then a sip of anything alcoholic on a low level, and she had out right refused a drink of I believe either Bourbon or Sherry while on the Island with the Merrows, looking for the Sword that belonged to the Blue Knight. (is a one shot)

****Drunken Confessions****

By: Im ur misconception

As I stood there in the study, finishing the set up of evening tea for my Lord Edgar and Miss Lydia, I had no clue that the events that would take place momentarily would change my perception of a certain person. Just as I had finished pouring Lord Edgar's scotch into a glass set on the tea tray, the familiar sound of a slightly raised female voice reached my ears. I kept my face neutral as the voice stopped outside the study doors, before they were roughly shoved

open. **"You, my Lord, are a jerk! I do not appreciate what you are doing. How many times must I tell you that I do not wish to continue this farce of being your fiancée. And don't tell me it is because you love me that you keep trying."** Miss Lydia's soft alto voice was near screeching in her anger, as she marched over to the desk, her auburn hair catching the light of the setting sun.

Stepping back from the desk, I just watched the scene play out before me like I always did. It had become routine in the last year of her serving the Earl Ashenburt, who had been my liege lord since I was ten years of age. My gaze passive in its neutrality, I watched her spin on the ball of her foot, eyes blazing as she looked up at the Earl. She threw her hands on her hips as she continued to speak, her voice constantly getting louder, **"No, do not say anything my dear Earl. You are the one who spoke another woman's name, when you decided to take me to your bed. Whether you piss drunk or not, I would say you were actually being honest for once."**

Stepping further back until I felt the wall brush up against my shoulders, I let myself shift into my normal stance. Clasping my hands loosely behind my back, I waited for them to finish themselves out like normal, so I could interject and see if they would like dinner, which the butler, Mr. Tompkins was preparing right now. **"Now now Lydia, don't say that. I am always as honest as I can be with you. And as for saying another woman's name, whose was it? Annabelle, Molly, Bianca...Please give me a hint, what letter did the name start with?"** Earl Ashenburt said, his voice sounding overly melodramatic, only to earn a small lady-like snort, before Lydia turned towards the desk, her shoulders heaving, clearly in anger.

Keeping my face blank, I smothered a sigh, wondering a few things, and barely saw Miss Lydia grab up the crystal cup containing the scotch, downing it in one gulp. That action alone silenced the Earl, who was standing there with his mouth hanging open like a fish. If it wasn't for the fact that my mind was trying to recall if I had ever seen Miss Lydia take more than a sip of champagne or wine, I would have been trying to suppress a smile at how he looked. I let my eyes stay trained on Miss Lydia, who seemed to put the glass down slowly. Only able to see her side profile, I could tell by what little that I could see, she didn't like the taste of it.

Taking a step away from the wall, I was about to go to her side to see if she would be okay, when a cold sensation swept over my body. Turning my gaze away from the Earl and Lydia, I saw a tall, lanky man with unruly black hair crawl in through the window. My eyes met his flat black eyes as he wrinkled his nose, and looked towards Lydia, who still had her hand on the empty scotch glass, face still formed in a grimace. Since I was close enough to him, I heard as he whispered under his breath, **"Well, this will be a rather interesting night for all of us,"** causing me to pause. _"What could he mean by that?"_ I thought silently to myself.

I kept my eyes on our new visitor, knowing he would make a nuisance of himself in due time, if his past visits were any clue. My skin was still crawling in reaction to what he said, as he stood up, then sat down on the sill. **"Lydia? Lydia, are you okay? You just impressively downed a whole glass of eighty year old malt scotch,"** the Earl asked, as he stepped forward, reaching out to touch her. He raised an eyebrow, his hand touching her shoulder, as her hand came

up and slapped the Earl's offending appendage. She spun around to face him, causing her auburn hair to fly up and then slowly float down, to lay against her back. After a few deep breaths, she spoke in a low voice, that was just a bit slurred, ****"DO NOT touch me you perverted Earl! I.. I refuse to put up with it... And..w-what was in t-that glass, I just downed R-Raven?"**** I let my gaze wander from our visitor, so I could look full on at Miss Lydia and the Earl, who once more had his jaw hanging open, as his amethyst colored eyes started to bug out of his head at her actions.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped away from my place against the wall, as I spoke in my normal monotone voice, ****"Like Earl Ashenburt said, Miss Lydia, it is eighty year old Malted Scotch. Also I don't recall ever seeing you take more than a sip of wine or champagne. Is there a reason you do not drink?"**** My calm gaze taking it all in, I caught the sound of our guest move away from from his spot on the window sill. Keeping my gaze attached to Lydia's back, I waited for her to reply. Once more in a slightly slurred voice that was still low, she replied to me, ****"Really? Scotch? Hmm it has been a few years since I have had that."**** Her voice trailed away as she stepped from between the Earl and me, making her way to the the small couchette that was placed a few feet away, allowing me to catch a glimpse of flushed cheeks and slightly glazed eyes. ****"As to why I don't normally partake of drinking anything, my father says it isn't good for a Fairy Doctor to drink, even though I recall my mother imbibing on occasion." ****

She sat down, tucking her skirts and petticoats under her, keeping her back straight, her ankles crossed, and her hands folded in her lap, as her peridot green eyes, slightly glazed, looked up and met mine. Keeping my face completely blank, I met that gaze with one of my own. My mind was swirling in a chaotic manner, as I tried to process everything she'd just told us. As long as we had known Lydia, she had never talked about her past, let alone about her mother. A soft, nickering laugh from behind me and to my now immediate left, caused me to instinctually stiffen in slight dislike of the man, or rather Kelpie as he was called, a fae from the unseelie court. He had a rather strong attachment to Miss Lydia, stemming from their first meeting, from what I had been able to gather, of which all the details were still unknown, to both the Earl and I.

Turning my head just slightly, I could see Kelpie as he made his way toward Lydia, noting that he had the glass as well as a decanter in hand. He carried a wry, yet mischievous smile on his lips, as his dark gaze stayed focused on her. ****"Well, this is a resplendent surprise, Lydia dearest. Would you like another drink, since you are in a fine mood at the moment,"**** I heard Kelpie say softly, as he sat down next to her, but a decent distance away, as if wary. As he waited for a response, I let my gaze go back to my liege, who was still just standing there, watching it all in shock. He came out of it soon enough, sputtering a bit incoherently before getting what he wanted to say out, ****"You cretin, don't entice her with more alcohol. If her father says that it isn't right for her to drink, due to what she is, then please abide by his wishes, even if I do admit to a bit of curiosity of what kind of drunk she might be."**** The tone as well as the words alone, caused me to visibly grimace, as I heard a rather sharp intake of air.

Earl Ashenburt walked to sit in one of the two chairs across from the couchette, and I was not surprised when a rather angry Lydia spoke

up, her voice filled with indignation, ******"Excuse me! Since when did you become an authority figure to me, Earl? I choose not to drink, but if you are gonna be a bloody bastard about it, then Kelpie pour me another please."****** Letting out a sigh as I watched all this, I slowly moved back to my original position by the wall, clasping my hands lightly behind my back. I gave a quick glance to the grand father clock, taking note that it was almost five-thirty-five. Something inside me told me it would be a rather long night, but not whether it would be entertaining. All that was left was for my older sister to discover when she showed up after her duties were completed.

Time slowly ticked by as the tension increased and decreased with the three sitting. Things were starting to mellow out once more, as I slowly figured out what Miss Lydia was like when she was drunk. I knew normally that she was an honest person, but had a great amount of tact built in. Now that she was about five cups in on the scotch, and half a bottle of Brandy, that tact was thrown to the wind. It did make for some interesting things to be said, but no matter how it would be playing out, Miss Lydia really was pissed off at my master. She attempted to stand up, failing miserably at it, and earned small amounts of laughter from the other two. Sadly, in their state, it didn't register that it was only incensing her more. Even I had to, on occasion when she looked my way, hide the smile that kept trying to play across my lips, but the sight of her jewel-like eyes, flashing with indignation at their laughter and ribald comments, only made it worse.

After some time, they hit another lull, giving me a small chance to look at the clock once more. This caused me to raise my eye brows in mild surprise, as time had flown by, and it was now seven o'clock in the evening. Tompkins had come, announced dinner, which was eaten in the study. The dishes had been removed, while two more bottles had been brought in at the request of not my master, but Miss Lydia, one being a sherry, and the other a bottle of red wine from southern France. Turning my attention from the clock, back to the group, I watched as Miss Lydia kept trying to stay in her standing position. A bit of worry washed through me, when she tried to take a step forward and almost fell face first into the table, only to be stopped by Kelpie, making me glad, for once, that he was here.

******"Oi, watch it Lydia, I don't want you harming yourself. I would love to have my future wife in perfect condition when she finally comes to her senses and marries me,"****** I heard Kelpie slur out, allowing me to see Miss Lydia's face go blank as she slowly stepped away from him, turning so she could see them both. ******"Hey, do not say such ridiculous things about my fiancée you stupid water-logged horse. She is gonna marry me, even if she says she isn't,"****** my master replied in a rather matter-of-fact voice, also very slurred. That was when my sister decided to slip in through the shadows, standing right behind Miss Lydia, whose eye had begun to tic visibly, showing that she was no longer just angry, but completely pissed. Her body had gone completely straight, her hand clasped in front of her, as the slight alcohol glazed look in her eyes fled, leaving cold, mirthless eyes that flashed dangerously. With a slight tilt of her chin, giving her an imperious air, she allowed her auburn locks to slide back over her shoulder to land down her back. It was then my sister moved into the line of sight of not only Lydia but the other two, a look of genuine worry on her face.

***"I will only state this once for the both of you, so you had better listen, and listen very closely."** I watched as Miss Lydia formed each word and its syllables with a bit of difficulty, due to the amount of alcohol she had consumed. My sister stood next to Miss Lydia, her hands starting to reach out to grab her, as she wobbled in place, only to have them slapped aside quickly and sharply, causing not only my sister, Ermine to stare open-mouthed, but the two gentlemen as well. **"Kelpie, we are long time friends, and if I recall correctly, we met because I got drunk in Scotland at the age of thirteen at the Bel Tine festival. But that doesn't mean that then or even now, I have any inclination to become your wife. I would like you to stop persisting and pursuing me like I am going to be. It makes me feel as if I am some type of property to you, which I am not. So let me spell it out really clearly, I have only ever seen you as a friend, and always will see you as a friend. There shall never be any emotions of love directed at you other than friendship. SO GET OVER YOURSELF!"** Her words came out in a clear, cold toned voice, that shocked me, since Miss Lydia was always a jovial, sweet person, who always cared about others, especially the Fae.

Shifting my eyes from the speaker, I saw the effect it had on Kelpie, who seemed to visibly sober up as if splashed with cold water, while somehow sinking sadly into the couch. A loud snorting laugh, caused me to dart my eyes to the Earl, who looked like he had just won. **"Hah, take that you arro-"** he started to speak when he was cut off by Miss Lydia, who shot her right arm out in a slashing motion, tossing her off balance, and forcing Ermine to grab and steady her. Once she was righted, she turned her full gaze onto my master, making him shrink back a bit, losing some of his confident mirth. **"Oh ho! You be quiet you self-righteous, womanizing jerk. You have no room to speak at all; you are just as bad as Kelpie. You trick me into helping you, and use my talents to get the sword, even if it is your rightful possession. Then, when it is all said and done, you announce to the world via new paper, that I am gonna be your personal Fairy Doctor, without my consent. That, Earl Ashenburt, is called kidnapping you know that? Well ,if you didn't, you do now! But that isn't the least of your crimes, oh no! You then keep dragging me from one dangerous situation to another, but that is after you announced that I was your fiancée, which I never gave an okay to as well. Oh yes! You claimed me for yourself, which is another crime, that I cannot think of the proper name for,"** Lydia trailed off, with a defined hiccup as she wobbled in place, her face saying she still had more to say.

The effect of her words laid the Earl low, if I was to judge by the look on his face. Still watching silently from my position by the wall, I watched as he opened his mouth to make a rebuttal, only to once more be cut off, but this time before he had a chance to say anything. **"Let's not forget that I was gonna give you a chance, and accept your offer, but NO, you had to go and ruin that, and any chance of getting affection from me. I helped you to your bedchambers, in your rather drunken state, where you fell on me, pinning me to the bed, speaking sweet words of love to me. I had just started to think I should allow you a chance, when you called out some other woman's name. And since you seem all hell bent to know who it was, even if I was hurt, but not too surprised by it, do you really want to know whose name you called out Edgar?"** Her voice had started out harsh, but as Miss Lydia continued to speak, I caught on to the subtle changes in her tone, it ending softly and a bit sadly. Her gaze still locked on to my master's, who was just looking at her

now, unable to say anything, and he just nodded his head. Even though I didn't show it, I was happy to finally be hearing the name he called out that night as well, since it was technically my fault that the whole situation had happened.

I continued watching the scene, as Miss Lydia let out a sigh that spoke volumes. When she didn't reply immediately, I began to think she wasn't gonna tell him, but instead, she grasped my sister's hand, jerking her forward and off-balance towards the Earl, leaving not only me confused, but my sister and master as well. **"You called out her name. I quote, " 'I love you, and always have Ermine! There is no lie in my words, is there, Ermine? You are a selkie now, and can detect a lie when it is told.' He pined after you, when you choose to let go of his hands to die for betraying him. Hell, I even saw you two have an emotional moment on the way to Merrows Island, which got me to know Raven a tiny bit better, if not fear him at the time,"** she said, her eyes going downcast for a brief second as she took a step back, to stand behind my sister, who was just starting to right herself. With an ease that shouldn't have been possible for her drunken state, I watched, like everyone else, as she pushed my sister into the Earl's lap. **"I do not care and nor should either of you what the world thinks about you loving your servant. I would suggest you two be honest with each other, and fess up, and get married. It is so obvious how you feel about each other, and I don't want to be a replacement for another woman. Whether you do or not, I will still stay on as your Fairy Doctor."** she continued, her voice once more resolute with strong conviction, she lifted her gaze to mine, narrowing her eyes, causing a visible shiver to roll up my spine.

I glanced first at Kelpie, who just sat there impassively, with a look on his face that reminded me of a small puppy who had been kicked. Then I looked at my sister and the Earl, noting the look on their faces, as well as how crimson they both were, each trying to figure out what to say to the other, even if I had known about their feelings from the beginning. When I turned my gaze back to Miss Lydia, she had already started to totter rather drunkenly towards me, the look on her face intently focused. Keeping my face blank, my eyes devoid of emotion, I watched her, as some part of me said to run away and avoid whatever she had to say. However, with my loyalties being what they were, I stood my ground, so as not to abandon my master in case he had a sudden need of me. So when Miss Lydia finally stopped in front of me, she planted her feet shoulder width apart, her hands on her hips as she looked up at me. Her pale green eyes catching my own darker green ones, she pursed her lips as she seemed to think about what she wanted to say.

With a quick flash in those green eyes, she lifted one hand and proceeded to jab me none too lightly in the chest. **"You Raven, oh yes you! Mister I am so prim and proper, the epitome of the perfect servant slash assassin. I think you need to hear what I have to say the most, since you seem to be all stiff and distant all the time. And do not tell me it is because of the dark Fae that shares your body and soul. Personally, after seeing it act to defend and protect your master and I a few times, I think I know better. So, are you ready too hear my personal diagnosis on you?"** she asked, her voice low, but loud enough for the others to still hear. Taking a quick peek out of the corner of my eyes, I saw that we had the complete undivided attention of everyone in the room. I sighed softly, as her small bony finger kept painfully prodding me in the same spot of my sternum over and over again. **"Not really Miss Lydia, but as I am,

as you put it, a servant, I will listen to whatever you have to say. So please continue."** I answered, my voice like it always was, neutral monotone, which earned me a growl, I didn't think possible to come from her, as her peridot eyes darkened to a deep grass green, and flashed angrily at me.

I did my best to keep my clam exterior, as she began to stab me harder as she spoke in that same low voice, that was slightly sweet sounding. I could physically feel my skin begin to crawl at that tone, and I listened to her words with mortification slowly manifesting itself on my face. **"See, that is what I am talking about Raven. Do you have no thoughts of yourself? Are you nothing but a mindless tool for that womanizing Earl that you serve? I swear sometimes you have a metal rod shoved so far up your backside, it might never come out. How did it get there, I wonder? Did you bend over and just let the Earl shove it up your bloody arse one day? And if so, does this mean you...prefer men to women? If so, that would make a lot of sense, as well as clear up a lot of other things about you. I mean I have been wonde-"** she was saying only to be cut off as the double doors to the study were flung open, to reveal her father Dr. Carlton, who took one look around, a frown marring his brow. Lydia slowly turned to face him, a look of confusion on her flushed face, as he looked at her. **"Oh dear gods, Lydia are you drunk? This is why you missed your mother's death anniversary dinner with me,"** he spoke in a very controlled, modulated voice, though his brown eyes showed his displeasure.

Looking down I saw Lydia tilt her head to the side as if contemplating something, as she started to walk towards her father speaking, **"I do not think I am that drunk father.. And I missed dinner? Just how late is it?"** Her legs wobbled dangerously underneath her. Dr. Carlton seemed to watch her in horror as she got only three feet from me and started to fall towards the ground. Quickly I rushed forward, grabbing her before she hit the ground, and scooping her up into my arms like a small child. Looking down, I saw that her eyes were shut, and her breathing was heavy but steady. "Thank goodness she passed out. I really don't care to hear what honesty she has to say about me this time," Dr. Carlton said, reaching up to pinch the bridge of his nose, as his dark brown gaze swept the room, landing first on the Earl and Ermine, whom he nodded at, before landing on Kelpie. **"As for you, you should have known to not let her drink. You know how she gets. By the look on your face, you got what you deserved for letting her drink too,"** he surmised, his words cold and harsh.

Giving a quick glance back at Kelpie, as well as my master and sister, who were still a bit shell shocked, I would guess, at what Lydia had said, or was trying to say. It was safe to say, I felt the heat suffusing my cheeks, making me glad that man had walked in when he did. I didn't really feel the need to explain my preferences to her, or anyone in that room. I didn't believe there was a topic of conversation out there, that could cause me any discomfort, but we all learn new things everyday. Turning my gaze back toward Dr. Carlton, I now saw Nico, Miss Lydia's fairy cat sitting at his feet, a look of disgust on his face. He had obviously, at some point, gone to get Dr. Carlton, informing him about the situation that was taking place. Making sure my gaze met his, I sent a silent message of 'thank you!' to him, earning a small nod of his head in return.

**"Well I see you all have a lot to think on; I will be taking my

leave now. Raven, if you would be so kind as to accompany me and my daughter home, I would appreciate it. I drove my carriage, and therefore cannot be in it on the way home," **he asked of me in a polite voice, with a quick glance at the Earl, who just tilted his head. I looked at Dr. Carlton replying**, " Yes sir! It would be my privilege to accompany your daughter and you home."** With that said, he turned and marched rather stiffly out the door, leaving me to follow behind with Lydia in my arms. As we exited the house, I looked down when the faint sounds of mumbling reached my ears, to see that Miss Lydia was frowning and trying to turn in towards my chest, to be more comfortable. Feeling a bit awkward about it, I shifted my arms to allow her more room to become comfortable as I walked. **"You know, if you jostle her too much while walking, she will become motion sick. It happens a lot when she is drunk and passed out. So I suggest you don't do it, in carriage Raven,"** a small voice, belonging to Nico, said from beside my moving feet.

With a quick glance down, I walked across the marble foyer to the main entrance, nodding my head once, before attempting to pin the now squirming Miss Lydia to my chest, feeling her warm breath seep through my black coat as well as the vest and shirt underneath. As soon as the Dr. and I exited the door, the cool early winter air stung at my cheeks. The Doctor's carriage was a simple, one horse black chassis. I watched as he held the door open to allow me to climb in with his daughter, his gaze looking at her with worry, as he watched me get settled. **"I am sorry for anything she might have said. When she is drunk, there is no holding her back; that is why I have told her time and time again it is bad for her, as a Fairy Doctor, to imbibe. You are a good person Raven, always looking out for her, being the friend she needed even if you stay emotionally distant. I will try to make this trip to my townhouse as quick and smooth as possible, but when we arrive, I will need your help getting her ready and into bed,"** he said in a soft, fatherly toned voice, as he shut the carriage door, not allowing me to say anything.

His words struck a cord deep inside me, making me think silently to myself what they might mean. When it hit me that he wanted my help in readying and putting Miss Lydia to bed, heat suffused my cheeks, as a sense of dread washed over me. I knew the Earl would want a word for word report of what happened from the time I left with the Dr. till I got back. Having to tell him that I readied a rather drunk and unconscious Miss Lydia for bed would aggravate him nonetheless. _"Why is this happening to me tonight?"_ I think to myself unaware that Nico had climbed into the carriage with me, and was sitting opposite, watching everything that was going on, from my facial features to my eyes. With a polite cough, followed by gentle words, he said, **"Don't let it worry you too much. Besides, from what I caught, you were getting the worst of her attentions, but that is because she worries about you the most, actually. Lydia is rather fond of you Raven, for all of your personality quirks, if you will. She does value your companionship and knowledge, as well as your ability to protect her."** This made me stop and look in surprised shock and awe at him before glancing down to the woman in my arms, who was curled up against me like I was a life line.

The trip was a short one, and thankfully a smooth one. Dr. Carlton was a very capable driver on the cobbled streets of London. My mind kept tripping over what Dr. Carlton had said, as well as Nico, who was now curled up on his seat with his long bushy tail laid over his nose. So when the carriage came to a halt, it jolted me out of my own

thoughts, just in time for the door to be opened. Standing up precariously, I slowly and carefully made my way to the door, and down the single step. Following Lydia's father into the house, he quickly showed me up the stairs to her room. Upon opening the door to her room, I was a bit taken aback by how sparse it was, except for the various books and a random Tome littering it. "Here, place her on the bed, and help me get her shoes off first. Try to be as careful as possible when doing so; Lydia's feet are really ticklish," he said as I set her on the bed.

Swiftly we both knelt down and began to unhook the buttons, before untying the shoes. Then, we moved on to gently tugging off the stockings, which weren't belted on with a garter, to my relief. Both of us only stopped once when she stirred and kicked out at something in her dreams. When that was done, he held her up and had me unlace the stomach corset to take it off. Feeling a bit awkward as I did so, I loosened the strings of the corset, only to find that Miss Lydia didn't really need to wear one, since her waist was completely tiny to begin with. Keeping my amazement to myself, I undid the hooks and slipped it from her body, placing it on the stand next to the bed, careful not to knock over any books, as her father laid her back down on the bed. **"Will you pull the blankets over her? I have to get a bin, just in case. Nico, come with me please; I have something to ask you,"** he said as he stood up and headed towards the door.

Blinking my eyes rapidly as I was left alone with Miss Lydia in her room, I swallowed rather noisily. Bending over, I carefully and with much practice ease, pulled the hand made comforter from under her. As I pulled it over her, I had to stop because she stirred, rolling on her side facing me. Once I deemed she was settled, mentally thanking the Earl for years of practice putting him to bed drunk, I laid the comforter gently around her shoulder. I turned to leave, only to be stopped when I felt a tug on my jacket. I glanced down at a small delicate hand, grasping the fabric in a death grip, and let my gaze travel up the hand to see Miss Lydia looking up at me with disoriented eyes. **"I am not done talking to you yet, Raven. I still have things I want to ask, if not say to you. Since we are alone, please listen, since it should be a bit less embarrassing for you, which I am sorry for causing you earlier,"** she said in a soft half asleep voice. Unsure of what to do, I nodded my head and turned back towards her, kneeling by the side of the bed.

It took a few minutes before she started to talk, but when she did, her voice was barely above a musical whisper, **"I still want to know if you prefer men. It does pertain to what I have to say to you. If you don't care to voice it aloud, just nod yes or no okay."** A bit of shyness crept into her sleepy voice, as she spoke, causing me to blink at the rosy blush covering her cheeks, that had long ago lost the flush from the alcohol. I couldn't deny that I was mortified by what she was asking, but at the same time curious as to how it pertained to what she had to tell me. So I shook my head in a negative fashion to let her know I didn't like guys, earning a soft, relieved sigh, that made me tilt my head to the side quizzically. **"That actually makes me feel very relieved, Raven, even elated to some degree. I know that when I wake up, after I fall asleep for real, I probably won't remember anything, but since I still feel confident and brave enough from the liquor, I might as well tell you the truth.."** she trailed off, the blush on her face darkening to a deep crimson, making her green eyes shine and offsetting her auburn hair, so it looked like a red gold color.

I watched as she tried to sit up, without much success, before I helped her into the position, the whole time watching her carefully. She seemed to swallow air a few times before she appeared ready to speak, ***"I... I don't like the Earl, Raven, but then again, I made that painfully clear tonight. Though I do have someone I like rather a lot, for all of his faults, quirks, and idiosyncracies. I suppose you don't have a clue to whom I like, do you?"** I shook my head once more in a negative fashion, my curiosity more piqued at this, as well as to why she would be telling me. **"Well, he is a rather stoic man, who can be too literal and boring at times, but he has a good heart, and is really loyal to those he cares about. His smile, even if it is a bit of a smirk, makes him one of the most handsome men I have ever laid eyes upon. More so when he doesn't think anyone is watching him, when he does smile. He is a hard working person, always giving his all to whatever task he has either been set, or he himself has set,"** she trailed off, her eyes looking at me expectantly, to see if I had an answer now.

Already an image was forming in my mind, as she described the man to me. I nodded my head before I spoke, **"Would it be Mister Paul Ferman, Miss Lydia?"** I saw a brief flicker of pain in her eyes as she sighed, **"No Raven, it isn't Paul. Though he is a sweet man, he always shows his emotions. No, the man I am talking about is apparently oblivious, but even though he is, it is a rather charming trait, since it proves that he is still naïve in an endearing way."** She finished speaking, sounding sad if not frustrated now, leaving me feeling more and more confused, as if somehow I should know who she is describing. I was about to name someone else, when she suddenly yanked on my hand, causing me to fall towards the bed. As I caught myself to regain my balance, I realized that she had moved forward and was now nose to nose with me, a rather serious look in her eyes. For some reason that look took the breath from my lungs as I stared into them. ***"I...Miss Lydia I don't know who this person is, though I feel as if I should, but why are you telling me this, instead of the man you like?"** I ask, though for some reason, I really didn't want to know who the guy was.

As I kept my forehead against hers, I got a really good look at her face from up close for the first time, finally getting to see what My Master had been seeing this whole time, as a smile slowly curved Miss Lydia's lips. ***"You are such a dense idiot sometimes Raven, you know that? I like you, and have since we got back from Merrow Island,"** she said with a hint of amusement coloring her voice, before she leaned the rest of the way in. She kissed me softly on my lips, leaving me completely frozen to the spot. I didn't know where to start and stop thinking, as her lips pressed against mine rather awkwardly, indicating that she had little to no experience with kissing. Her eyes had fluttered shut when our lips had touched, allowing me a new view of her. I felt a small smile curve my lips, as it all came crashing into place.

I had known for a while that I respected Miss Lydia, and even liked her as more than a friend, but because of my master, I didn't say or do a thing about it. However, now that she had spoken her mind rather clearly, leaving everyone with a new view of her, things would no longer be the same. If the Earl did take up with my sister, and somehow I was able to gain his permission, I would pursue Lydia. Even if I didn't have a clue about how to do that, I would find a way. With that thought, I closed my eyes, and let myself enjoy the kiss. I

tasted the sweet softness of her small mouth and full lips against mine, as the Fae in me seem to gloat happily at what was going on. When we both broke the kiss for air, I decided I should speak my mind as well, since she had been nothing but honest with me, "***Miss Lydia, in all truth, I would like to say that you're an amazing woman. I too respect and like you a lot. If things change, and permission is given, would you allow me to court you?***" I watched her as she gazed at me in shock, and with a simple nod of her head to indicate that she would allow it, I stood up, bending at the waist to kiss her on the forehead. ***"Then with this, I bid you goodnight; I shall see you early in the morning like usual. Please sleep well,"** I said as I watched her slump down into her bed, allowing me to once more pull the blankets up to her chin.

With that done, I left the room and made my way down the stairs, where her father and Nico were sitting, patiently waiting for me. Quirking one eyebrow at them, I spoke, ***"You know, it isn't nice to lie to people, then eavesdrop on them. But if it is okay with the two of you gentlemen, may I pursue a more intimate relationship with Miss Lydia?***" I asked, watching as both of them looked abashedly away from me, as they nodded yes. With that done, I walked out their front door, and started on my way back to the Earl's house, for once wearing a smile on my lips, without a care in the world.

End
file.